

THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES AND CO. AT NUMBER NINE, MARKET-SQUARE; WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED.

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1833.

NO. 9.

Tales and Miscellanies.

LORD BYRON AT MITYLENE.

The following letter is from an English paper, printed in 1818. We do not recollect to have seen it in any life of Lord Byron. If authentic, it is a memorial of some interest.

"MR EDITOR.—In sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it, both men of war and merchantmen; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to a cave, called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticole so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival, in his felucca. "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him, but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it; he gave Dominic the wine trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about 250/- English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the ground floor: an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bed room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bed chamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works, complete; Volney's "Ruins of Empires"; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's "Messiah"; Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the "Robbers"; Milton's "Paradise Lost," an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The "Messiah" was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said, "the lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others: but," said he, "there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together: he is otherwise very good. I once did him a service, and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines, which I pay to an aged Armenian, who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the Lord brought here from Adrianople; I don't know for what reason."

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing.—The portico in front, was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars, with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as "lachryma christi," eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand, as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away; grapes, oranges, and limes, were clustered together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat, with an ornamental wooden back, was placed, on which, we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights, till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. "I suppose," said the old man, "praying; for he was very devout, and always attended church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat, was what may be termed "a bird's eye view." A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins, descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea, smooth as glass, and an horizon unshaded by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chestnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our inquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude; none knew his name but Dominic, his banker, who had gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said our conductor, "could tell, but I am sure he will not." "And cannot you tell, old friend?" said I.—"if I can," said he, "I dare not." We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town, we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving those articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he had bought her a piano-forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful island of Mitylene; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money, it was evident: he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in with Mr Foster, the architect, a pupil of Wyatt's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, "The individual," said he, "about whom you are so anxious, is lord Byron; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene."—We had never then heard of his lordship's fame, as we had been some years from home; but "Childe Harold" being put into our hands, we recognised the recluse of Calcla in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day; but to me that day will never return.

JOHN MITFORD.

PICTURE OF HAVANA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN HAVANA TO HIS FRIEND IN MOBILE.

—Since my arrival here, I have, during my leisure moments, collected some desultory observations on matters and things, which, if you do not think them too crude, you are liberty to show to our friends.

The first things which strike the attention of an American on his arrival at this place, are, the great number, strength, and extent of the fortifications; the city at first view appears to be almost impregnable; but after being a short time on shore, he will think, with Bacon, "that walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, ordnance, artillery, and the like, are all but a sheep in a lion's skin, unless the breed and disposition of the people is stout and warlike." Money and soldiers are undoubtedly the sinews of war, and both money and soldiers are plenty here, but among the latter, there is a great scarcity of the former. "The blessings of Judah and Issachar will never meet; the same people cannot be the lion's whelp and ass between burdens"—Soldiers, who are not paid well, will not fight well.

The merchants with some few honorable exceptions, are mercenary. Their whole attention is devoted to one object. Get money, is their creed; get it honestly if you can, but by all means get it—for money is the principal thing—the *talon*—the one thing needful. In the language of Burke, "they worship no good but gold, and have no faith except in

iron chests." If a stranger is rich, he will be treated politely and friendly—if he is poor, with cold civility and distant respect.

Every thing is done here by bribery and cheating. It is a common saying, that you can bribe every officer, from the Governor and collector, down to a Custom-House boatman—"but 'tis their occupation; more than one half of the town get their living by it."

The climate of this island is delightful, and the soil is rich and fertile. The bread fruit tree, the lemon, the date and allspice tree, grow here; but although the inhabitants, "breathe the fragrance of the groves of Java, they do not sleep upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges." Ishmaelites and Jezebels are abundant, and so are Knights of the rueful countenance, Rozinantes, Sanchoes, and asses.—Many of the men are Nazarites, and many of the women are not. Here also are much cattle. One would suppose, that Shamgar, the son of Anath, who slew six hundred Philistines with an ox-goad, must have been a Spaniard; that the carriages, *yelept volantes*, were invented by the Dutch for market wagons, and the wheelbarrows were constructed after the fashion of those vehicles made use of in the time of Solomon, to carry timber from Joppa, and stones for the building of the temple.

Assassinations and robberies are not so frequent lately as they were some years ago; but even now it behoves all persons, and more particularly strangers, to carry a sword, or a large cane, especially in the night.

This city is the resort of foreigners of all nations and colors. I believe there are as many languages spoken here as there were after the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. The incoherent and disconnected expressions of the Indian, and the unmanning *congo-ism* of the Negro, are heard amidst the brogue of the Irish, and the broad *who wants me* accents of the Scotchman; the dulcet, soft, and mellifluous tones of the Italians, and the strong, expressive, and sibilant language of the English, are mixed with the croupy, love-making, and harmonious diction of the French; while the harsh and savage *pou-wow* sounds of the Russians; the guttural and jaw-wrenching German; the grunting *dunder* and *blixum* of the Dutch, are jumbled together with the outrageous *splutter* and *sputter* of the Swedes, and the barbarous Scandinavian *schold* and *tak* of the Danes—and all are mixed in such "confusion worse confounded," that they can scarcely be distinguished among the grave and sonorous accents of the Spanish Dons.

Acquaintances are easily formed in this city; this is owing in a great measure to the narrowness of the streets, and the low price of grog. The better class of Spaniards are polite and honorable in their behaviour, but the lower orders have a strong disposition for thieving, cheating, and imposing upon foreigners. Both sexes appear to be dull and indolent. The manners of the majority of them are as grave and as gothic as the walls of their own houses. Many of them are too lazy even "to whistle for want of thought."

It is said that an Englishman's house is his castle; so is a Spaniard's, but in a different sense. The Englishman's is protected and protects its owner, by the aid of the laws; while the Spaniard's house protects him not only against the laws, but against the lawless also.

The Churches, which are numerous, are immense piles of buildings, of stone. Some of them are antique; and covered with moss on the outside, and look like castles of *old lang syne*, while the interior resembles a palace below, and a garret above, and exhibits a curious union of rage and ruffles, meanness and magnificence, clay and gilt gingerbread.

The women in this city, like Mary Queen of Scots, it is said "possess qualities to be loved, but not talents to be admired." They have not that elegance of form and graceful ease of manner which is characteristic of the ladies of Louisiana, and they are destitute of that animation and gaiety, which constitute so large a share of female attraction, particularly among the Creoles of New-Orleans.

Akenside says, I think with as much truth as elegance,

"Beauty dwells,

There most conspicuous even in outward shape,

Where dawns the high expression of a mind."

The eyes of the Spanish ladies are black and sparkling, and expressive of every thing, but mind.

The principal places of resort for amusement, are the coffee-houses, the theatre, *La Quinta del Obispo*, or Bishop's country seat, the bull-baitings, the balls, and the King's walk, or *Paseo*.

In all other countries, when a man is attacked, almost every person within sight or hearing, runs to see or to assist him; but here, when a man is stabbed and cries for assistance, every one runs into the house and shuts the doors; be-

cause, according to the Spanish laws, (as I have been informed,) the man who is found near a dead body, is considered the murderer; and because the witnesses, as well as the guilty, must be confined in prison, until the time of trial. The consequence is, that robberies and murders are committed with impunity, for few assassins are brought to trial, and all the rascals escape justice.

The Paseo, or King's walk, is in the village, outside of the walls. It is much frequented on Sunday afternoons. On each side of it there is a beautiful row of trees, and a fine stream of water; but it is also worthy of remark, that on one side are the Baracoons, or places where slaves are kept for sale, and on the other, the Leper's Hospital. Thus the road to pleasure lies between Scylla and Charybdis—sickness and misery—Leprosy and Slavery!

The dead are buried here, *heaps upon heaps*, like the Philistines whom Samson slew with the jaw bone of an ass.—Men, and women, and children, are promiscuously huddled into the same grave, without coffins—a little earth being sprinkled between the bodies, and a prayer made, by way of ceremony, or for the sake of decency; and thus the operation is continued, until the grave, which usually holds five or six, is filled up, when they put quick lime upon the whole mass, and pound them down as a paver does stones!

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

GOHOST STORY.

It was shortly after the capture of the island of Gaudaloupe from the French, in the year 18—, that my tour of duty placed me in command of a subaltern's guard of Fort Matilda, where a division of prisoners of war was then confined. I remember the *guard mounting* of that morning. Never was there collected a more motley group, than that which, under my command, marched on the parade ground. The officer, an Irishman; the serjeant, from the York rangers, of the same nation; half a dozen borderers from the 25th; as many Germans from the 5th battalion of the 6th, and several Africans from my own corps, the —th West India regiment figured in the "Guard Report."

The day passed over in the intellectual manner usual with subs on duty, namely, in writing out and tearing to pieces the guard report—leaning over the parapet of the drawbridge—yawning over *Dundas*—and arranging and re-arranging the papers in my writing desk. Evening came.—The guard turned out at "gun fire." I heard the drums of the different regiments encamped or posted at small distances round the town, beat the tattoo. My regimental coat and wings (for I was a Light Bob) were exchanged for the more comfortable blue surtout. The white beaver, the heavy costume of the day, gave place to a light and easy foraging cap; and my net hammock, from the Spanish Main, was slung sufficiently low to let my toe reach the ground, that I might give it the see-saw motion so agreeable to a West Indian. "Who goes there?" shouts the sentinel at the gate. "Rounds." "What rounds?" "Grand rounds." "Guard turn out." Clash sound the horse's hoofs of the field officer on duty, as he retires from his examination of my post, and all is still.

At eleven o'clock, I rouse myself, tie my bandana tight round my throat, and visit the sentinels; nothing more to do till morning. I light my cigar, take a farewell glass of my swizzle, (cold rum and water, very weak, and which a West Indian only can mix,) and reclining myself in my hammock, compose myself for a nap. In vain; the annoying buzz of the mosquitoes, and the close atmosphere of the guard room, precluded the possibility of sleep. I arose and opened the *jalouse*, to admit the sea breeze, whose sudden and low moaning was just beginning to be heard. How lovely was the scene that met my view! The moon had only just risen over the smoke cloud that constantly hangs on the summit of Mount Soufriere; which, lighted by her radiance, seemed like a palm tree of the brightest amber, gradually reddening to a flame color, at the point where it emerged from the crater of that ever smoking furnace. The mountain itself rose dark and giant-like in deep shade; its outline clearly defined against the boundless transparent brilliancy of a tropical sky. Here and there a straggling moon-beam found its way to the bottom of some of the numerous ravines on the mountain's side, and sparkled with brilliant light reflected in the streams below. On the plain at the foot of the hill, stood the old town of Basseterre; the low flat roofs of its houses, covered with the dew, glittered bright in the moon-light, which, as usual in that climate, was so clear as to render even the gay coloring of the verandas and galleries plainly distinguishable; while, in the foreground, the ramparts and glacis of Fort Matilda frowned in black and solemn grandeur. The night breeze blew cool and sweet; a thousand lizards chirped beneath the window; while the melancholy tones of the sentinels, as they sung forth with prolonged and varying cadence, the customary warning of "All's Well," harmonized sweetly with the monotonous boomerang of the sea, that broke upon the shore below the fortress.

Leaving the window open, I resumed my place in the hammock; and, while viewing the prospect before me, and inhaling the fragrance of my cigar, sweet and pleasing ideas of country and home rose gradually within my mind. The landscape slowly faded from my view; the thoughts of kindred, of friends, and of the green banks of the Shannon, con-

tinued to mingle undefinely with the lofty palm trees, smoking mountains, cigars, swizzles, sentries, grand rounds, rum, and prisoners of war;—in a word, I was fast asleep; and so might have continued until morning, had I not been awakened by an unusual commotion in the men's guard room, separated from mine by a thin wooden partition only. The confusion of tongues at Babel was order and regularity compared with the uproar I now heard. The Irish sergeant's brogue, as he alternately swore and blarneyed, rose clear and sonorous over the guttural grumbling of the Germans, the rumbling of the Northumbrians, and the jabbering monkey-like squeak of our negroes; while at intervals, I thought I could distinguish the low moanings of one in pain. To snatch my sabre from the table, and run into the adjoining room, was the thought and work of but a minute; and if the confusion of noises only was astounding, the scene that met my eyes on crossing the threshold, was perfectly alarming. A huge wood fire, that incongruous but invariable appurtenance of a West India guard room, threw its fitful beams on the rough and marked features of the whole assembled guard, who were congregated round a black soldier of my own regiment, nay, of my own company, who lay on the hearth, agitated almost convulsively. His face, as the fire light gleamed on it, was deadly pale. Yes, my friend, a black man may look pale; and nothing can be more horrible than the color which at such a time, the negro assumes. The blood forsakes the countenance; the lips become of a dull, yellow white; a circle of a bluish tinge surrounds the eyes; the red veins in which, being swollen and filled with blood, seem of the hue of fire; while the ivory whiteness of the teeth imparts to the whole face a character almost demoniacal.

I elbowed my way with difficulty through the circle, for authority seemed lost; I shouted, stamped, swore, and at length was heard. "What is the meaning of all this confusion?"

"The black spaldeen has run away from his post, and never stopped to look behind him," says the sergeant. "Where was he stationed?" "In the archway, by the prisoners' quarters." "Turn out the relief, and post another sentinel." Grumble went the Germans; the Northumbrians rumbled out their dissatisfaction; the negroes squeaked—but no one moved. All the Irish blood in my veins rushed to my head, and I was in "a thundering big passion," as the sergeant afterwards defined it. I again and again demanded the cause of all this uproar. I at length, by dint of shaking, kicking, roaring, and thumping, drew an answer from blackie himself; who gasped out, while his mouth opened and shut like a dying dog-fish—"O, massa Captin!—(all the officers are captains with the West Indian soldiers)—oh, massa Captin, me saved—sartin me safe—sure me go da *kickeraboo*—me die—me go da Guinea—me see da Jumbee!" I was but a new comer in the colonies, and did not understand him. I demanded an explanation from the sergeant; "Sure, and plase yer honer, he says he saw the "White Gentleman," that is the devil, yer honer." "The superstitious scoundrel! the prisoners have been endeavoring to terrify him," exclaimed I; "turn out the relief this instant; take off his accoutrements; make a prisoner of him, and follow me to his post."

This was soon arranged; the sergeant and three men were selected; the word was given—"with ball cartridge, prime and load;" and off we marched towards the massive archway, dividing the lower from the upper compartment of the fortress, where the sentry had been posted, and where the French prisoners were locked in during the night time. We reached the spot. It was at the entrance of a long covered way, or bomb-proof casement, arched overhead, that we halted; on each side of which were the doors leading to the prisoners' quarters, and over each door, just at the spring of the arch, was a corresponding row of windows. The wind was blowing fresh and cool in our faces as we looked into the passage, whose extremity was lost in darkness; but the moon threw her beams from behind us, as we stood, enlightening a few paces within the avenue, and making on the walls and ground a distinct "cut shadow," forming a perceptible division between the clear, bright moon-light without, and the thick, gloomy darkness within the archway. A lofty traverse, and its accompanying shallow ditch, divided it from, but did not prevent access to a battery beyond. I passed round its end, and stood in the open space. Why I was alarmed, I knew not, for I had often been there before; but true it is, a feeling of solemn awe crept over me, on finding myself within the precincts of a bastion, in whose ramparts were deposited the remains of such officers, whether English or French, as in former times had died within the fort. The low ridges of earth covering the British dead, were invisible among the rank and luxurious growth of tropical vegetation; but the wooden crosses at the head of the resting places of the Frenchmen, were clearly distinguishable, although the huge building from which I had just emerged, threw its gloomy shadow over the limited space; solemnizing, but not darkening the spot where those who had once fought fiercely "in the battle plain," now slept side by side, the calm sleep of death. I threw a hurried and enquiring glance around its boundary. No living object met my view. Slowly and pensively, I returned to the soldiers I had left beyond the arch; all there continued still, and remained so for upwards of half an hour; at the end of which time, weary of

inactivity, I placed one of the men on the duty which his fellow had abandoned, and proposed returning to the guard house with the others.

Scarcely had I turned my back for this purpose, when a shriek of terror burst from the newly placed sentinel; who, after, for about a second, presenting his musket down the archway, flung it violently from him, and fled precipitately, as also did the sergeant and his comrades. My eyes followed the direction of the level musket, and I do not fear being accused of cowardice, when I say I followed the example set me, and ran away; for never did a more fear-inspiring object meet the human vision, than that on which my terror-stricken gaze was now riveted. The moon, as it shone brightly into the avenue, showed me, near the summit of the arch, almost level with my head, floating towards me, a human form, self-sustained in the air, the arms of which were stretched out, as if to enfold me within their grasp. It was clad in a short tunic, of transparent white, which showed more pure in contrast with the pitchy darkness behind it; the head was not quite severed from the body, but hung upon the breast, attached to the neck by a slight portion of the skin on one side. The legs were tossed to and fro, in such a manner as clearly showed that the bones had been broken in many places; and from the severed neck, a stream of crimson blood gushed over the white raiment, even to its feet. Covering my eyes with my hand, I fled towards the guard room, and had nearly reached it, when the sound of distant laughter from the vessels moored below the fort, struck upon my ear, as if a ray of sun-light had pierced through the thickest darkness. The consequences of my conduct flashed at once upon my mind. I halted; my breast heaved—my knees trembled—and a profuse perspiration rushed from every pore. * * * * Mustering every energy that fear had left me, I slowly retraced my steps. The feelings of the condemned criminal, as he paces between his cell and the fatal gibbet, would be in a state of bliss compared with what I suffered; and I endeavored to muster in my mind every motive that could stimulate me to exertion.

At length I stood trembling and breathless on the spot I had quitted. Slowly I raised my eyes, and shuddering, closed them in terror, though nothing met my view within the dreary void before me.

The heavy-toned bell of the fort tolled the hour of one.—Re-assured, I gazed more earnestly towards the summit of the arch, and beheld, while the deep note of the bell yet sounded in my ear, the same frightful object, emerging, as it were, from the solid masonry of the roof. It now hovered over my head in a horizontal position, which as it floated nearer and lower, was changed for an upright one; the breast dilated and swelled, as when one draws a heavy respiration; no sound accompanied the motion. Despair gave me courage. At my feet lay the loaded musket of the sentinel; I seized it, and cocking it, viewed the object of my dread more earnestly. The suspensions were continued, and I now saw that the head was but one unshapen battered mass of raw flesh.

Assuming as military a tone as terror would permit, I shouted, "Who goes there?" No answer. Again and again I shouted the soldier's challenge, though fainter and fainter. I now fancied I could almost touch it. Bringing the gun to my shoulder, I took aim,—twas within a foot of the musket muzzle—I fired. The loud echo was repeated a hundred fold, reverberating hollowly from the arch before me, and more sharply from the grave-yard beyond. Thick smoke filled and obscured the passage. I could not have missed—my courage was the nerve of despair. Slowly the breeze dissipated the dense smoke; and there fluttering wildly like an eagle over its prey, and certainly not more than two feet from my head, was this "thing of fear and dread." I sprang upwards, and clasped it in my arms. I felt a slight resistance. Something snapped loudly, and a cloth, cold, dank, and damp as the covering of the dead, enveloped my head and shoulders! Twas no "unreal shade"—I felt 'twas substance. Terror vanished, and I became on the sudden valiant. Sounds of human life were around and about me; the prisoners were alarumed and talked loudly in their quarters. Lights moved towards me from the guard room, with the sound of measured footsteps. It was the sergeant and the entire guard. They moved in line, steadily and with ported arms, ready for the charge; and low at my feet lay the object of this warlike preparation. And what was it? A shirt of white linen! which had been pinned by the sleeves to a drying line reaching from a window of the casement to the opposite one; to the collar was pinned a red night cap and a pair of red garters (the seeming streams of blood); and to the bottom was attached a pair of stockings, (the jointless legs of the ghost!) The line being rather slack, it had been wafted backwards and forwards in the breeze that blew down the passage, causing it to advance and recede; and as it bellied with the wind, it seemed to dilate and diminish in form, causing the before so evident inspiration, and giving it the appearance of supernatural animation.

Need I say that the court martial passed a lenient sentence on the poor black delinquent who had quitted his post? Need I enumerate the jests and gibes that poor I endured from my brother officers? And need I describe how sheepish I looked, when I was beaming two belle Gaudaloupeans round the Place de Mars, one Sunday evening after garrison parade, and heard my serjeant say, in no dulcet strains, to a

comrade, as he touched his cap in passing—"There, that's the Irish officer who caught the ghost!"

From Bell's "Observations on Italy."

ROME—STATUES IN THE VATICAN.

THE ANTINUS OF THE BELVIDERE.—Nothing can exceed the beauty and just proportions of this statue. The balance and living posture of the figure, the expression of repose and elegance diffused over the whole; the fine form and simple attitude, are all most exquisite. The head is small, compressed, and beautifully oval; the shoulders large, without any affectation of manly strength, but gracefully youthful; the breast wide, but not coarse; and the whole trunk without that insipid flatness in feature, sometimes caricatured by the ancients, and from which even the Apollo is hardly exempt. The thighs fully round, and polished, the legs long, the patella high, as it should be in the limb which is in action, and pointed so as to give a beautiful conic form to the thigh, which only balances the figure, and is quiescent. The ankles are exquisitely formed, with much elegance and precision, and free from strained anatomy. In its entire state, this statue must have been fine indeed, and so preserved, would have challenged a place among the most precious works of antiquity. Both arms are wanting, which cruelly spoils the fine symmetry, and greatly injures the just equilibrium of the figure. Among other restorations of the Antinous Belvidere, or Mercury, (the destruction of his attributes throwing an uncertainty on the distinctive appellation,) the foot on which the figure rests, is so ill set on, as to produce a conspicuous deformity. You suspect something of this while looking in front, but are shocked with it, when the statue is viewed in profile; and the whole of this arises from a little thickening of the cement on one side. We are told that Dominichino made the just proportions of this statue his constant study, forming from its general contour and aspect his notions of the beau ideal. Yet, although I much admire the symmetrical justice of composition in the whole, there is, in my opinion, a stillness of expression, and a something of formality in the immovable sweetness of the countenance, unvaried by the slightest approach to motion, which gives a tameness certainly destructive to the perfection of beauty.

The exquisite polish of this precious morceau adds infinitely to its beauty. This fine finish, and consequent lustre of marble, producing a quality of softened light and shade, bearing, in statuary, a character analogous to color in painting, is indispensable where the artist's chief aim is directed to the display of beauty in person or countenance.

CLEOPATRA IN THE GALLERY OF THE MUSEUM.—A beautiful recumbent figure. The charm and delicacy of the female forms are not in any degree injured by the colossal size of the statue, which requires only to be viewed at a distance, and that not great, to discover the exquisite grace, and fine proportion, for which it is so eminently distinguished. The figure lies in a reclining posture, supported on one shoulder, the left arm bending round, meets the head, which rests on the back of the hand, the fingers and wrist slightly bending under the weight, while the right arm, forming a curve over the head, hangs down behind, as if gently sunk into rest.—The throat swells beautifully; the bosom is well delineated, and exquisitely formed, but yet with modesty, and shaded by the interposing drapery, which is gracefully gathered below, by the zone that encircles the finely-turned waist, and falls down the side in rich natural folds, describing the outline of the body. The bending forms, the full, yet delicately rounded limbs, lie in quiescent deep repose, finely expressing the gentle, helpless yielding to sleep. Where the thigh begins, the artist, with wonderful skill, has contrived to cross the bands that confine the drapery, so artificially as to conceal the bulkiness of the haunch, a part of the female form in which it would seem, beauty and necessity had some contention. From this rich crossing of the bands, the thighs and limbs come out and lie large, long, and full; but with all the delicacy of posture, and feminine flexibility, true to dignity and grace. The head is adorned with thick plaited hair, which forms a circle round the forehead; while a thin transparent veil falls over, gathered in a mass under the sustaining arm. The features are beautifully feminine, yet full, finely representing all the loveliness of womanhood, and a little oblique, as indicating deep and tranquil sleep. Although the drapery covers the whole figure in large rich folds, the female form is exhibited with a distinctness, a grace, and charm, which, so much does female beauty gain by modesty and purity of aspect, far surpasses the effect on my mind produced even by the finest nude Venus; feelings which gain strength while contemplating this statue, so lovely in the confiding, beautiful innocence of sleep, of gentle breathing sleep.

They call this statue a Cleopatra, a Dido; but I cannot approve of converting so general, so fine a form, worthy of a grand poetical design, into a portrait. Let the lady sleep in peace. I am sure it is such a sweet and gentle slumber as the dissolute Cleopatra, or infuriated Dido, never knew.—Combined with the above-mentioned distinguished beauties, there is in this statue, so fine a character of refined female modesty and tranquil repose, that, as a picture, and a poetical representation of sleep, nothing can excel it. The Dying Gladiator is perhaps the finest nude, and this assuredly the finest draped figure that exists.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.—A most beautiful and precious work; and of peculiar interest, as bringing so forcibly into evidence, the power which the art of statuary may possess, of touching the heart. I have gone daily to view this fine statue, and still behold it with renewed feelings of admiration and sadness. There is a curling up of the lips, as if the languor and sickness of expiring nature had confused the sensations, and convulsed the features, and that almost suggests the idea of paleness. He has fallen, he raises himself upon his right hand, not for vengeance,—not to resume his now useless weapon,—not to appeal to the people. No; he looks not beyond himself, he feels that the wound is mortal; he raises himself for a moment on his yet powerful arm, to try his strength; but his limbs have the trailing, bending form of dying languor; he looks down upon his now useless weapon, and blood-stained shield; he is wounded, his limbs have failed, he has staggered and fallen down, and has raised himself for a moment to fall down again and die. It is a most tragical and touching representation, and no one can meditate upon it without the most melancholy feelings. Of all proofs, this is the surest of the effect produced by art. He was a slave, he had no family, no friends, he was bought with money, and trained and devoted to death. It is then all the singleness of death and despair that you are to feel. No picture of tragic effort is presented, it is one impression, and if any artist has ever given that one impression, it is the author of the Dying Gladiator. The design is, in this sense, finer than any thing in statuary I have ever seen, and is given with wonderful simplicity. It is a statue, which, like those of Michael Angelo, should be placed in a vault, or darkened chamber, for the impression it makes is that of melancholy. Although not colossal, the proportions are beyond life, perhaps seven feet, and yet from its symmetry it does not appear larger than life. The forms are full, round, and manly, the visage mournful, the lip yielding to the effect of pain, the eye deepened by despair, the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled, the hair clotted in thick sharp pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight and exhausted strength. The body large, the shoulders square, the balance well preserved by the hand on which he rests, the limbs finely rounded, a full fleshy skin covers all the body, the joints alone are slender and fine. No affectation of anatomy here, not a muscle to be distinguished, yet the general forms perfect as if they were expressed. The only anatomical feature discernible is that of full and turgid veins, yet not ostentatiously obstructed, but seen slightly along the front of the arms and ankles, giving, like the clotted hair, proof of violent exertion. The forms of the Dying Gladiator are not ideal, or exquisite, like the Apollo; it is all nature, all feeling. In short, in this beautiful and touching production, for powerful effect and mournful expressions, the languid posture, the whole form of the bleeding and dying gladiator is executed with all the modesty of nature; never came there from the hands of the artist a truer or more pathetic representation.

This natural and melancholy picture is like a ballad chanted in its own simple melody, which makes a truer impression on the heart, than the highest strain of epic song, or heroic conception of the artist.

The singular art of the artist is particularly to be discerned in the extended leg; by a less skillful hand this posture might have appeared constrained; but here, true to nature, the limbs are seen gently yielding, bending from languor, the knee sinking from weakness, and the thigh and ankle joint pushed out to support it. The gouts of blood are large and flat, hardly attracting attention, and do not spoil the figure. If the attitude had been studied, and the posture represented as an appeal to the passions, or if he had been made to die as gladiators were then taught to die, for effect, the statue would have been spoiled; had he been raised so as to look up in a beseeching attitude to the people, or to the victor, it would have been but a poor and common statue.—The marble is beautiful, not too glaring, a fine cream color, equable and pleasing. The statue is entire, with the exception of the toes of both feet, restored, it is believed, by Michael Angelo. The collar and rope are signs of his station. The gladiators were generally slaves; disobedient servants being frequently sold to the Lanistæ, whose practice it was, after instructing them in the art, to hire them out for fight. The highest reward which could be received by a gladiator was obtaining freedom, and a release from being called upon to fight in public. They were then styled the Rudiari.

The Arts.

SUBMARINE BOAT.—In the course of last autumn, M. Villeroi of Nantes made a successful experiment at sea, off the Island of Normoutier, with a locomotive submarine boat of an entirely novel construction. It is ten feet six inches in length, and three feet seven inches diameter in its greatest width. The machinery by which it is impelled is said to be a mechanical application of the forms and means with which nature has endowed fish, and in this instance, it is brought into play by the aid of steam. When the fix of the sea had attained its height, the inventor stepped into his boat, navigated for half an hour on the surface of the water, and then disappeared at a spot where the depth was between fifteen and eighteen feet, bringing up with him, on his reappearance a quantity of dints and a few shells. During his submersion he steered his boat in various directions, in order to deceive

those who thought that they were following in his track, and rose at some distance from any of them. He then shifted his course repeatedly whilst navigating the surface, and at the termination of an hour and a quarter's practise, threw off the cover which had protected and concealed him, and showed himself to the spectators amidst hearty cheers. It is obvious from the success which attended this essay, that with the aid of M. Villeroi's ingenious machine, an individual may traverse a considerable distance under water, with the same velocity as a common boat, and after calculating the depth to which he should plunge according to the density of the water, lost himself under a ship's side for a hostile or other purpose, cut her cables assunder without being liable to detection, or descend for the recovery of wrecked stores, &c. The inventor was accompanied by two assistants, neither of whom suffered any inconvenience during their hour's submersion. The boat is constructed of iron.

INTENSE FLAME.—In the flame of the compound gas blowpipe, we perceive a power almost irresistible. The late Dr. Clarke, informed me, he had in one experiment no less than an ounce weight of platinum in a state of perfect fusion in it. With it I succeeded in fusing the diamond, which seemed to be as completely liquid as a globule of oil, when acted on by a minute stream of air, and the jet of flame seemed actually to impress the fused portion of the diamond. With this powerful apparatus, I also melted two emeralds into a limpid mass. The flame in this instrument is probably solid, from the close contact of the inflammable matter, and the supporter of combustion. The principle has been made subservient to most valuable purpose, namely, the measurement of the base of the triangle in the grand trigonometrical survey of the British Isles. Lieutenant Drummond first suggested this application of this intense light, obtained from chemical means. In this experiment made in the Tower of London, a ball of calcined lime, surrounded on all sides with minute jets of flame, was propelled on the central ball of quicklime, by oxygen, as so many radii, converging towards a centre. An officer of the Royal Engineers says this light was seen from one of the mountains of Morne, in Ireland, a distance of sixty miles. For the light-house, and night telegraph signals, this seems pre-eminently calculated—the intelligence might have reference to its periodic duration and repetition.—*Murray on Flame and Safety Lamps.*

STEAM OMNIBUS.—An omnibus worked by steam, on a new and ingenious principle, has been tried on the Paddington road. The machine does not exceed the space which an ordinary omnibus with horses attached, would occupy, and its appearance is very neat. The body is capable of accommodating four persons, the engine dividing that from the furnace in the rear. The passengers experience no inconvenience from heat, and coke being the fuel employed, there is no annoyance by smoke. The engine works on a crank, not on the axle, and the propelling power is applied to the wheels by means of iron chains.

The propelling power is equal to from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, but even when the steam is raised to its very highest pressure, there is no risk, the water being deposited in several iron pipes, or what are termed chamber boilers, with valve to carry off the superfluous steam.

The guide who sits in front, has complete control of the vehicle, and can arrest its progress instantaneously. It left the Patent Steam Coach Company's yard, at four o'clock, with a full complement of passengers, chiefly ladies, guided by Mr Hancock, the patentee. At first it proceeded at a pace of about six miles an hour: but having cleared the crowd, the velocity was increased to the rate of ten miles an hour.—*London paper.*

FIRE PROOF CEMENT.—The French cement for the roofs of houses, to preserve the wood and protect it from fire, is made in the following manner:

Take as much lime as is usual in making a pot full of whitewash, and let it be mixed in a pail-full of water; in this put two and a half pounds of brown sugar, and three pounds of fine salt; mix them well together and the cement is completed. A little lamp-black, yellow ochre, or other coloring commodity, may be introduced to change the color of the cement, to please the fancy of those who use it. It has been used with great success, and has been recommended particularly as a protection against fire. Small sparks of fire that frequently lodge on the roofs of houses are prevented by this cement from burning the shingles. So cheap and valuable a precaution against the destructive element ought not to pass untried. Those who wish to be better satisfied of its utility can easily make the experiment by using it on a small temporary building—or it may be tried by shingles put together for the purpose, and then exposed to the fire.

WATER COLOR FOR ROOMS.—Take a quantity of potatoes and boil them; then bruise and pour boiling water upon them until a pretty thick mixture is obtained, which is to be passed through a sieve. With boiling water then make a thick mixture of whitening and put it to the potato mixture. To give color, if white is not wanted, add different colored ochres, lampblack, &c. according to circumstances. This paint dries quickly, is very durable, has a good appearance to the eye, and is moreover very cheap.

THE JEWS.

In England, from the sabbath before Palm-Sunday, to the last hour of the Tuesday after Easter, "the Christians were accustomed to stone and beat the Jews," and all Jews who desired to exempt themselves from the infliction of this cruelty, commuted for a payment in money. It was likewise ordained in one of the Catholic services, during Lent, that all orders of men should be prayed for except the Jews.—These usages were instituted and justified by a dreadful version of scripture, when rite and ceremony triumphed over truth and mercy. Humanity was dead, for superstition Molochized the heart.

From the Dispersion of the Jews, they have lived peacefully in all nations towards all, and in all nations been persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death, or massacred by mobs. In England, kings conspired with their subjects to oppress them. To say nothing of the well-known persecutions they endured under King John, the walls of London were repaired with the stones of their dwellings, which his barons had pillaged and destroyed. Until the reign of Henry the Second, a spot of ground near Red-cross-street, in London, was the only place in all England, wherein they were allowed to bury their dead.

In 1202, after the citizens of London broke into their houses, plundered their property, and murdered seven hundred of them in cold blood, King Henry III. gave their ruined synagogue in Lothbury to the friars called the fathers of the sackcloth. The church of St. Olave in the Old Jewry was another of their synagogues, till they were dispossessed of it: were the sufferings they endured to be recounted we should shudder. Our old English ancestors would have laughed any one to derision who urged in a Jew's behalf, that he had "eyes," or hands," organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;" or that he was "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is." They would have deemed a man mad, had one been found with a desire to prove that

—*the poor Jew,*
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a Christian dies.

To say nothing of their more obvious sufferings for many centuries, the tide of public opinion raged against the Jews vehemently and incessantly. They were addressed with sneers and contumely; the finger of vulgar scorn was pointed at them; they were hunted through the streets in open day, and when protected from the extremity of violence, it was with tones and looks denoting that only a little lower hate sanctuaried their persons. In conversation and in books they were a by-word, and a jest.

THE PITCH LAKE.—At point La Braye, in Trinidad, are seen masses of pitch, which look like rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Craye, a considerable quantity of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The Pitch Lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it. The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it, the spectator stands upon the borders of what at first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep, and full of water. The pitch at the side of the lake is perfectly hard and cold; but as one walks towards the middle, with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last, it is seen boiling in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated, that it is necessary to dance up and down in a ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the feet remain on the surface of the pitch. During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part of it is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found.

Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship loads of it to England; but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of the pitch in England.

Intellectual talents are the noblest gift of the Almighty, but they involve their possessor in high and solemn responsibility. Prostituted genius is the nearest resemblance of the spirit of evil. It looks like Satan clothed in the garb of an angel of light.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely, on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

Editor's Correspondence.

Translated from the Original French, for the Literary Journal.

THE FETE OF PASSY.*

FROM "LE BON HOMME RICHARD"—BY DEMERSAN.

MR. EDITOR.—The following is a Translation of an extract from "Le Bon homme Richard," a recent work of the celebrated French author, Demersan. As a Frenchman, I send it to you with no small degree of satisfaction; because I feel that it will afford your readers another proof of the estimation in which the excellent qualities of your great and good FRANKLIN were held, among a people endowed with sufficient penetration and sensibility to understand and appreciate them.

B****d.

The rural fetes in the vicinity of Paris, are institutions combining both usefulness and amusement. They are sources of pleasure and recreation to the laboring classes, who have been during the whole week, confined in shops or factories. By diversifying their sedentary occupation, with wholesome exercise and varied amusements, in a pure air, strength is restored, and health is renovated. There, the mother may carry her daughter. There, is neither a mephitic atmosphere, a deleterious gas, nor scenes even more disgusting and deleterious. There, are neither parricides, incests, poisonings; nor, in short, any romantic horror; or any thing resembling it.

The spectators in our popular fetes, are themselves the actors for another class of spectators. Fatigued with the etiquette of saloons, with the restraint imposed by the rules of society, with the performances of the Opera, an elegant crowd direct their promenade towards these assemblies "extra-muros," where they anticipate the enjoyment of an artless and gay spectacle; in the excitement of which, they are eager to participate.

Of all the Fêtes which bring the Parisians without the gates of the city, the most interesting and attractive, certainly, is that of Passy. Vicinity to the capital, facilities of conveyance, and a picturesque location, are its minor advantages. All classes meet there: and it might be thought that from each class, a choice had been made. Hence results a combination, in which no individual appears to be misplaced. The neat holiday dress of the peasants, and the elegant undress of the *beau monde*, combine in an easy and natural manner with the simple and graceful attire of the citizens. A beautiful turf walk, shaded by the greatest variety of foliage—flowers among the grass—flowers among the trees—a sweet and balsamic odour—all these have been placed by nature at the gates of Paris.

But the productions of art are here mingled with those of nature. Since the preceding day, travelling merchants, showmen, and jugglers, have taken possession of all the avenues. The air resounds with their drums and trumpets, which are answered by the birds in the woods, in every variety of note.

But a local amusement, in which the inhabitants of the village feel a peculiar interest, has been prepared by the care of the municipal authorities, who provide for the pleasures as well as for the wants of their people. A stadium has been prepared for foot races, and the prizes are to be distributed by the Mayor. The administration of the police is entrusted to the citizens. It is the National Guard which attends to preserve order, and to protect the slight rope barriers which separate the arena from the place occupied by the crowd of curious spectators. Of course, its duty is performed with gentleness and moderation, and its orders are respected. First, three bands of children, arranged according to their ages, contend for the crown of leaves, or other little present prepared for the conqueror. These children belong in the village, and have previously trained themselves by practice. This exercise is beneficial to health: it preserves agility: it gives strength. J. J. Rousseau makes his *Emile* run with little peasants: and I remember the charming passage, full of grace, in which he describes the enthusiasm of the victor, on receiving the cake which had excited his emulation. A noble rivalry!—innocent triumph! It costs no blood, unless, it may be, a few drops from the nose of a clumsy runner, broken by a fall.

This race is succeeded by a trial of skill, reserved for stronger champions. The body of each competitor is enveloped in a sack, and his legs tied together by a strap. Thus

prepared, they must run through the lists, which extend for three hundred paces, and return to the point from which they started, in order to obtain the crown and the prize. Three bands of competitors run, or rather, leap in succession; and the three conquerors then contend for the first, second, and third prizes. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the appearance of these leaping mummies. Sometimes, one of them, losing his equilibrium, falls, and rolls upon the green turf; where, being unable to use his hands, his struggles and exertions to rise, are a source of ceaseless merriment and laughter to the spectators. The eyes of the crowd watch with much interest, the progress of the one who outstrips his opponents. His arrival at the post, is announced by a clapping of hands, while he stands exulting in the simplicity of satisfied self-gratification. A watch, a silver pipe, and a silk handkerchief, are the three prizes. A watch is no small acquisition for a poor laboring man.

At the last fete, the pipe was won by a boy of fifteen.—His competitor, who was but fourteen, regretted the loss of the prize. "What would you have done with it?" I inquired. "I would have smoked with it," said he. "Ah," replied the victor, "I would not part with it for twenty francs. I do not smoke, but I shall give it to my father. "I rejoiced that he had gained it."

Moreover, this exercise of leaping is not without its usefulness. It was practised by the Greeks, as a part of their medical gymnastics. It was also one of the military exercises of the Romans. Among the feasts of Attica, the *Ascolia*, were celebrated in honor of Bacchus; in which the competitors successively leaped upon a leathern bottle filled with wine and anointed with oil. Each made every exertion to balance himself upon it, while standing on one foot; and the mirth of the Athenians was continually excited by the repeated falls of the leapers.

Let us return from Athens to Passy. There is a pleasure in the recollection, that our athletic exercises are almost the same as those of the circus, the stadium, and the Olympic games.

The dancers are now summoned by the sound of instruments, to tents, tastefully prepared for their reception. The lotteries of macaroni and gingerbread, excite the greedy cupidity of the younger children; while older children take lottery tickets for porcelain cups and crystal tumblers, which, worth about twenty-five sous each, they thus obtain at the cost of three or four francs. The heads of the genteel *grisettes*, are made dizzy by the motion of the see-saws and wooden horses. The fathers and mothers, more attracted by "the solids," enter the coffee-house or the restaurateur. The fops and the curious, all who wish to amuse themselves without expense, find objects to occupy their attention; for, in the open air, there are burlesque preludes, rope-dancers and tumblers, which have been provided by the local authorities to give an animated diversity to the scene.

Above the foliage, rises a light and elegant building, whose repute commenced before the Revolution. Its English name, the "*Ranelagh*," reminds us of that period of *Anglomania* marked by our shortened coats, whose amplitude disappeared with the long tails of our horses. Voltaire praised English freedom—the English Constitution—English good sense.—English Literature was the only thing which he did not place above the French: he had good and strong reasons for that. It was then, that a young French nobleman who had just returned from England, riding by the side of the carriage of Louis the Sixteenth, bespattered him with mud. "*Vous me crottez, Monsieur*," (you dirty me, Sir,) said the King, "*a l'Anglaise, Sire*," (after the English manner, Sir,) replied the young Lord; misunderstanding him, and thinking that he had said, *vous trottez*, (you trot) instead of *vous me crottez*. "That is carrying the *Anglomania* rather too far," said the King, as he raised the glass of the carriage.

The Ranelagh shone in those days. It excited a passion: it was the rage. The queen danced there with the Count d'Artois. Think then, whether the Court went and danced there also!

Well—now the *people* dance in it. The price of the ticket is cheerfully paid; for a Frenchman does every thing cheerfully. Go and see him at a rural fete, occupied only with pleasure, and forgetting his fatigue and privations,

while joining with his family in the enjoyment of an innocent recreation. Look at the good father, leading one son by the hand, and holding another under his arm; or drawing a light cart, on which are placed the little marmoset and the provisions for a repast which is to be spread upon the green.

The night comes, without interrupting those pleasures which every one is desirous to enjoy to their full extent.—The door of the Ranelagh exhibits a triumphal arch, brilliant, with colored lamps; and the illumination of the shops almost reproduces the day. The Fete is continued as long as pleasure can resist fatigue. But, at length, they think of the morrow; and every one gaily takes his way home. The inhabitants of the place remain until the end, in courtesy to the Parisians and to the people of the neighboring villages who had come to partake their joyous hospitality. These all return in merry bands, through the woods, which resound with their songs and instruments. The Parisians are all too late for the stage coach: but the road from Passy to Paris is a level promenade: the *Champs Elysées* a delightful walk, a charming garden: and passengers go through them, cool and refreshed. Every one enters his home, with cheerful impressions—pleasant recollections; and enjoys a sweet slumber, purchased with agreeable exercise.

We owed this tribute to Passy. This village was the residence of *Franklin*, whose name she has consecrated, by affixing it to one of her gates, and giving it to one of her streets. *Franklin*, the philosopher—the friend of mankind, is remembered in Passy as a kind of patron; and it is almost the Fete of *Franklin*, rather than that of Passy.

REVERIES OF AN AGED MAN; OR A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

MR EDITOR.—As you thought the first part of my reveries worthy a place in your valuable Journal; I now fulfil my promise of furnishing you with a few additional extracts from books and newspapers, which fell into my hands in the year 1833, during my temporary residence in the city of Van Buren, situated near the base of the Rocky Mountains.

The thread of my narrative broke off, when I took up an Historical and General Dictionary. It may naturally be supposed, that while turning over its leaves, I found many words as I once understood them, and others having a totally different meaning. Changes, I am aware, have taken place in the idioms of our language; and as time rolls on, far greater changes will be marked, both in the expressions and the definitions of words. Familiar terms will become obsolete and unformed words and Americanisms will supply their places. We cannot, therefore, be surprized at the natural consequence of words obtaining definitions, which experience and successive generations can alone pronounce correct.

LOTTERY.—A species of gambling authorized by the State Governments in the 19th century, for the purposes of revenue. Some States exacted ten thousand dollars for a scheme or grant; this sum was principally drawn from the ignorant and poor, who were least able to part with their earnings.—The wealthy merchant and the large landholder who were hoarding their thousands, thus cunningly and unfairly removed the weight of taxes from their own shoulders to those of the poor. With a view of compensating for the evils inflicted by this system, an equal amount was expended to improve the minds of those, who from the temptations which had been thrown in their way by lotteries, had become poor and illiterate. Popular degeneracy was the result of this fallacious and barbarous system.

BANK.—The side of a river,—also a term applied, in the nineteenth century, by the trading community, to an institution to facilitate business operations. Their origin is lost in obscurity, although there is reason to believe they existed in Europe. Large bodies of men associated together under the name of a Bank, generally with some popular title.—While capitalists were bankers, all was well; but the mania which governed so many things in those days, extended itself to banks, and produced a banking mania. Persons destitute of wealth, took this means of becoming rich men and bankers. They procured charters, under pompous names, issued paper money, speculated in stocks, and became great men in society. In the year 1833, there were in New England and New York about three hundred banks. These institutions con-

tinued to increase, until their number in the New England States and New York, amounted to more than a thousand; with a nominal capital of three hundred millions, and a circulation of one thousand millions; while the real monied property did not exceed one hundred millions. The mania had now attained its height. From the *killers of cattle* and the *drivers of pigs*, to the wealthy India traders—all classes had their banks. One took the name of a street, another of a city, a third of a county, a fourth of a state, a fifth of the nation, sixth of the continent, and seventh of the whole earth; and as soon as the broad expanse of heaven, was navigated by intrepid aeronauts, and the starry firmament became known to the dealers on earth, then arose the Planetary and Solar System Banks, the Bank of the Milky Way, and one more ambitious than the rest took the name of the *Fixed Star Bank*. Towards the close of that century, the bubble burst; a grand explosion took place; millions were drawn into the vortex of this money making maelstrom; and almost total ruin was the result.

PHRENOLOGY.—The name by which the present popular science of *human nature*, was formerly known. *Gall* and *Spurzheim* made this great discovery, about the commencement of the nineteenth Century; previous to that time, the means by which the manifestations of the mind were apparent, were unknown. In fact, the philosophers of that age, attributed it to the heart, the liver, and the stomach; the brain, in their opinion was a nonentity. The promulgation of this science was not effected without difficulty—whole batteries of science were opened upon it; but the mighty calibre of *Spurzheim*, soon silenced them. Single cannon, next poured forth volleys of opposition wherever a Phrenologist ventured to raise his voice; but so far had the weight of metal thrown by *Spurzheim* and *De Ville* prostrated all attempts to overthrow it; that ege the former was called to rest from his labors, the firing was reduced to a few scattering “blunderbusses.”

Phrenology was introduced into America in the year 1832, by *Spurzheim*, who died shortly after; not, however, without leaving many converts to his science, among whom were many highly gifted individuals, fully competent to advance its doctrines. To these we are indebted for its rapid and universal extension in America. Among the innumerable monuments of the famous cemetery of Mount Auburn near ancient Boston, may be seen one, rivalling in splendor any work of art in America; bearing a colossal statue of that great man, whose ashes lie buried beneath it. This monument was erected by the Republic of America, in gratitude to the illustrious founder of Phrenology, the true system of human nature.

METAPHYSICS.—A science first founded by Aristotle, and extensively promulgated during the classic ages of Greece and Rome. During the dark ages, it fell into obscurity; but with the dawn of a new light, it again ranked among the knowledge of the day, and consequently received important additions and attractions. It was the science of the human mind or understanding; yet so various in its meanings and definitions, that no two authors could agree as to its true sphere. This science was completely prostrated in the nineteenth century, when the truths of Phrenology became manifest. As the latter advanced, the former receded. And those branches of it known by the names of psychology and anthroposophy, treating of the soul and intellectual powers of man, became obsolete. Metaphysics was a species of moral philosophy, by which one could make any thing out of nothing, and nothing out of anything.

INTEMPERANCE.—The result of the use of Ardent Spirits, the influence of which spread far and wide during the early part of the nineteenth century. Great exertions were, at length, made by philanthropic individuals to produce a reform, which was finally effected by Congress: not, however, until its ravages had been permitted for many years, and a million of human lives had been sacrificed. The cities of New York, Boston and Providence, openly encouraged this evil to a great extent. Shops for the purpose of alluring young men and laborers to taste the poisonous draught, were sanctioned by the Municipal Authorities. Providence contained two hundred, and Boston seven hundred, of these then fash-

ionable places of resort. The great iniquity and degeneracy which marked those once celebrated cities, and which led to their final ruin, is, in some degree, to be attributed to this method of obtaining revenue.

FREE TRADE.—The hobby of a party of men who were willing to sacrifice their country's good, to promote their own interest, and the interest of the British government. It nearly destroyed the Republic in the nineteenth century.

METHUSELAH.

For the Literary Journal.

MR EDITOR.—At one of the late Phrenological Lectures, the partial conviction to which I had been led in favor of the science, received a severe check; so great indeed as to convince me that if Phrenology is true, all existing religious institutions, and particularly those of Christianity, must fall before it. This inference I draw from facts stated in the course of the Lecture; one of which facts has been frequently repeated. It was said; *first*, that in the head of every thief which has been examined, the organs of “secretiveness” and “acquisitiveness,” have been found largely developed: *secondly*, that all ruffians have flat heads, small foreheads, and a large occipital region. In proof of the last position, the skulls of several French murderers were exhibited: and in illustration of the former, the following narrative was given. A young boy, who had the organs of acquisitiveness and secretiveness much developed, indulged his propensity for stealing, for some time; but through the influence of his Confessor, was prevailed on to resist it. So violent, however, was the struggle between the propensity and his desire to counteract it, that a serious illness was the consequence. The Confessor, seeing the danger in which the boy's life was placed, at length made a compromise; and permitted him to steal, on condition that all the articles which he thus obtained, should be restored to their proper owners. The boy expressed much joy at this arrangement, and made amends for his long restraint, by immediately stealing the watch of the Confessor. Thus Phrenology teaches us, in what manner, a life, which would have been lost by resisting a wicked and criminal propensity, was saved by indulging it.

To the Phrenologists, who endeavor to show the harmony between this science and Christianity, I would propose a few questions. *First*; do thieves steal, because they have the organs of “secretiveness” and “acquisitiveness” more developed than their other organs?—or do these particular organs increase in size, by the habit of stealing?—if the latter is the case, how is the *first theft* to be accounted for?—*Secondly*; are the bad heads of ruffians caused by their propensities for committing crimes?—or are their propensities for committing crimes, caused by their bad heads? *Thirdly*; was the boy made a thief by *nature*, when she gave him his large organs of acquisitiveness and secretiveness?—for we cannot suppose that these organs could, at his age, have attained their large size, through the effects of *habit*. This case is particularly remarkable, since we find in the boy's nature, a strong desire to resist and counteract his evil, but still overpowering propensity.

If Phrenology is true, what are we to understand by Free Agency?—how are we to understand the principles of a religion which promises to reward the good, and to punish the wicked?

If man is compelled to act, by the prevailing development of the organs of his brain, can he be considered a free agent, while that development and organization are independent of himself. If one man is endowed with a strong development of the good organs, can his good actions, which are *their* natural consequences, be objects of praise or reward? Certainly not. If another man is endowed with a strong development of the bad organs, can his bad actions, which are *their* natural consequences, be objects of condemnation and punishment? Certainly not. But we are told by Phrenology, that the organs of “benevolence,” “reverence” and “conscientiousness” are given us, to counteract the impulses of the organs of “acquisitiveness,” “secretiveness,” “combativeness” and “destructiveness.” This may be true: but supposing an individual finds these latter organs strongly developed in his own head, while those of benevolence, reverence and conscientiousness are compara-

tively weak and small: what then? Must he buy, steal or borrow a better set of the good organs from some other person?

In my mind, there is no doubt, that either Phrenology must fall; or that it must overturn the principles of religion. For, if man is not a free agent, he is not accountable for his actions—he cannot sin. And if men have always been compelled to act, by the organization which God has given them—if they have never been voluntary sinners; will the Phrenologists tell us for what purpose Christ came upon earth?

DUBITANS.

For the Literary Journal.

TO THE EARTH.

We thank thee, oh Earth, for the bloom of thy breast,
For we give thee the bodies of those we love best;
And 'tis meet that thy beauty so glorious should be,
Since we mingle the noble and lovely with thee.

The greenest of verdure thou kindly dost wave,
O'er the battle-field, wet with the blood of the brave,
As if thou wouldst spread a bright banner, to show
Thy pride in the heroes who slumber below.

Thou yieldest the sweetest of flowers from the clay,
Where the form of the beautiful moulders away,
That their fairness and fragrance, each summer, may prove
Thy regard for our sorrow to lose whom we love;
And tell in rich eloquence, mute though it be,
Thy thanks for the treasure we've given to thee. THETA.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1833.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

"Audite voces, vagitus et ingens
Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo."

VIRGIL.

"And all in sight, doth rise a birchen tree,
Whicj Learning, near her little dome, did stow;
Whilom, a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe—
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view."

SHENSTONE'S "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

The increased facilities for the instruction of youth, and the improved methods for the communication of elementary knowledge, which have been introduced within a few years, not only into the private seminaries, but into the public schools of our city, have already been productive of highly beneficial results, and afford a promise of further and more extended improvement; of a progress in the means of instruction, commensurate with the necessities of an advancing state of society.

The subject of education, is one to which public attention cannot be too frequently nor too earnestly called. To say that it is one of the most vital importance to a free community, is but to repeat an observation, so trite that it has almost lost its meaning. But it is not now our intention to speak on the general topic of Education. Our present purpose is confined to a single portion of this great subject; one to which much attention has, of late, been given; but which has been too generally viewed either with prejudice or indifference, and has seldom received that degree of rational examination which its importance demands. We refer to the prevalent opinions respecting the government of pupils, and the theories of early mental discipline.

Some highly valuable observations upon this subject, are contained in a Report which was made in May, 1832, at a meeting of gentlemen in this city, interested in the cause of Education. It was drawn up by Mr Oliver Angell, one of our most accomplished teachers, as Chairman of a Committee appointed at a previous meeting, to inquire into the condition of the schools in Rhode-Island. It was the result of much labor and personal inquiry, and contained facts of unusual interest and importance; but, although printed and circulated throughout the State, it by no means received that degree of attention which it deserved. We have been led to the subject of the present article, by a desire to recall to the attention of our readers, some of the views contained in that Report; feeling, as we do, that they are of too much

value to be forgotten with the occasion which called them forth.

After some well-timed and pertinent remarks upon the general condition and character of our schools, the Report proceeds.

"Upon the question, 'whether any, and if any, what improvement may be made in the discipline or instruction of schools,' your committee do not hesitate to reply, that it is decidedly their opinion, *much* improvement may be made both in the *discipline* and *mode* of instruction now generally adopted. The committee are aware that this is a delicate subject, and in the few remarks they may offer they feel constrained to speak cautiously. They cannot forbear, however, suggesting a few things in relation to this part of their duty, without presuming to censure, or to prescribe in what manner every school shall be taught and governed.

There are two extremes into which communities as well as individuals are apt to fall. The one is a hasty adoption of every new thing which happens to be cried up as an improvement: the other is a pertinacious adherence to old established customs and usages, however obvious their inconvenience or their defects. To these extremes, schools for elementary education have been peculiarly subject. While in some of them, no one system has been pursued long enough to test its utility or unfitness, in others it has been deemed almost sacrilegious to depart a single step from the ancient mode of instruction and government. Either of these extremes is unspeakably injurious to the cause of education. That great improvements have been made both in the means and method of imparting instruction to youth, it is believed none who have been at all conversant with the subject will deny; but in many places, a rooted attachment to established rules and preconceived notions has prevented the benefits which might have resulted from the adoption of these improvements. Why is it, we would ask, that so many teachers have failed in their attempts to communicate instruction to the youthful mind? Why have so many parents and patrons of schools so much cause to lament the ill success of their exertions in endeavoring to promote the education of their children? Your committee think it has been owing in a great measure, to mistaken views on the subject. We think there has been a mistake both in the theory and practice of teaching. Instead of considering and treating children as rational beings, strongly actuated by the passions of shame, of pride, of emulation, of hope and despair: Instead of reflecting that they possess a mind in embryo, susceptible of deep and lasting impressions made upon it through the medium of the above named passions, we very much fear, they are too often considered and treated as beings entirely passive; as incapable of receiving any impressions but such as are forced upon them by a compulsory process.

The passion of *fear* is one which children manifest earlier and more distinctly than any other. This has been seized upon, as we think, injudiciously by some teachers as if it were the only avenue by which approaches could be made to the understanding of the child. Acting upon this principle, it is easy to see what must be the course of discipline and instruction. The teacher at once arrays himself in terror, and the whole business of teaching and governing must be a *system of coercion*. Our opinion is, that where this system is pursued, there is great danger of creating in the pupils, a morbid sensibility, a stubbornness of temper, a hatred of the school and whatever is connected with it. It operates as a check upon all the better feelings of the scholar, and it will be a fortunate circumstance if it does not create a hardened indifference to improvement of every kind. On the subject of corporal punishment we fear to express all we feel. As a *system of government*, it is decidedly objectionable, and we think if it must be used, it should be used only as a *last resort*.

It belongs not to us to point out all that we consider faults, either in teaching or discipline; but we will briefly express our views respecting some of those faults which have a tendency to defeat the ends for which schools have been established. We have no hesitation in stating what we consider one of the greatest faults in teaching, and the one from which almost all others spring: it is a *departure from nature*. Children may be compared to young and tender plants. When we wish to rear these in the utmost perfection, what course do we pursue? We surely would not heap upon them piles of rubbish, for this we know would crush them at once.—Neither would we pour upon them a constant deluge of water, which would soon destroy their vitality. Even the sturdy oak which defies the tempest, springs from a tender and pliant twig, which may be easily destroyed, or fashioned into an unshapely shrub. While the vital sap of the young tree is passing from its root to its branches, do we surround it with snow and ice to promote its growth? Should we not rather cherish every spontaneous effort and gently clip those excrescences which would render the tree unsightly or unfruitful? Let it not be said the two cases are not analogous. If the principle be applied to the physical powers of children we know it is correct. And why not as applicable to their mental powers?

If parents and teachers, in their attempts to communicate knowledge to the youthful mind, and to train up children to usefulness and respectability in life, would adhere closely to

the principles followed by the experienced farmer and the skilful horticulturist in rearing their grain, their plants and their trees, they could scarcely fail of success."

This passage is extracted, not because it appears to have been intended by the committee, to be considered a leading part of their Report; but because we believe that it exhibits sound and correct views on a subject of vast and paramount importance. The inquiry respecting the true theory of school discipline, is one in which not only every instructor and every parent, but every well-wisher to the good of his country, is deeply interested. On the part of the instructor, an anxious care, a sleepless watchfulness, an unremitting restraint, must be exercised within the school, in order to counteract the waywardness, the wrong propensities, the bad habits, which are elsewhere acquired. To ascertain the proper nature and degree of rewards and punishments; the best correctives for indolence; the most effectual restraints from evil habits; the happiest incentives to attention and emulation; to combine all these into a system, and to pursue that system with firmness, yet with gentleness; inspiring respect, yet retaining affection; is a task requiring far greater qualifications than are often possessed by those to whom it is confided. The labor of instruction is by no means an easy duty; and as has often been said in relation to the calling of a Christian minister, the teacher is much to be pitied, who can consent to make it an easy one. In schools, as in families, the best system of government is that which earliest calls forth a sense of responsibility in the youthful mind, and affords it the greatest and strongest inducements to govern itself; inducing it to form habits of self-respect; and to feel an unceasing accountability to its own sense of rectitude and propriety. This great end, not only can never be attained, but every advance towards it must be retarded, by the operation of any system whose means and instruments are mere direct coercion, appeals to fear, and the dread of corporal punishment. It can only be attained by the agency of a system which will call into action the nobler feelings of the soul, causing them to quicken and expand, and to gather strength and vigor from their early and continued exercise.

We are aware that these views may savour of heresy to those who appear to consider every question respecting the propriety of long established customs, every denial of the soundness of old opinions and prejudices, as the result of mere visionary speculation. But we cannot believe, that mental or moral excellence can be imparted to a human being, by a kind of punishment like that inflicted on a brute; or that a system of discipline based solely upon *fear*, can purify and elevate the feelings of our nature, by a continued appeal to that meanest of them all.

We trust that the time is passing by, when the old, semi-barbarous theories of public and private government, which aimed only at restraining the low, without offering any incitement to the higher propensities and feelings of our nature, shall cease to exert so predominating an influence on the formation of human character. In regard to this subject, a visible change of views and feelings has been gradually taking place during the last half century. The volumes of English biography during that period, with their characteristic anecdotes of the court, the camp, the school-room, and the family circle, exhibit a striking contrast between the opinions of the present day, and those which were entertained, when the only system of discipline for men was founded on mere force and coercion; and when in the instruction of children, a course of good, sound *flogging*, appears to have been considered as forming an indispensable, and by no means an inconsiderable part of a good, sound English education.

Some of the old English authors, however, have thought and written upon this subject in a very different spirit. The most remarkable work of this character, is the "Scholomaster," of Roger Ascham, a man of varied and extensive learning, the tutor and Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth. The object of his work, which is replete with practical good sense and true philosophy, was to enforce his opinion, that "young children were sooner allure by love, than driven by beating, to attain good learning." His account of its origin, is curious and worthy of notice. Having heard a remark one day at the palace, that some Eton scholars "had run away from school, from fear of beating," he freely expressed his

opinion upon the subject of the prevailing system of discipline. Sir Richard Sackville, who was present, took him aside, and said, "A fond (silly) schoolmaster, before I was full fourteen years old, drove me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning, and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance, to light upon so lewd (ignorant) schoolmaster." Ascham was so forcibly struck by the confession, that he "thought to prepare some little treatise, for a new year's gift, that Christmas;" but his work increased far beyond the contemplated size, and at length was published under the title of the "Schole-master." There is much raciness and point in his quaint and antique phraseology. He says—

"Beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well; ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book: knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault it at his book; ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to go to school."

In another passage, he observes—

"If ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than another, to receive goodness, it is in the innocence of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure, clean wit of a sweet young babe, is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new, bright silver dish, never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it. Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or to contemn, to ply this way or that way, to good or to bad, ye shall have, as ye use a child in his youth."

In illustration of these remarks, he relates a delightful conversation which he held with the young and beautiful Lady Jane Grey, at Broadgate, in Leicestershire, a short time previous to her death by the axe of the public executioner.

"Her parents," says he, "the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedo Platonicus in Greek*; and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in *Boccace*. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, 'why she would lose such pastime in the park?' Smiling, she answered me :

"I wist that all their sport in the park, is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

"And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?"

"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number; even so perfectly as God made the world:—or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, (which I will not name, for the honor I bear them,) so without measure mis-ordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him: and when I am called from him, I fall on weeping; because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Well would it have been for the great cause of education and moral government, if parents and teachers had been more generally imbued with the spirit of this good old man. The principles which he so ably advocates, should be engraven on the hearts of all to whom are entrusted the direction of the pliant feelings and expanding intellects of the young. To guide these rightly, one great and important truth should ever be borne in mind, "The child is but the father of the man." The habits of youth, form the character of age. He, therefore, is best fitted for the work of education, who soonest inspires in his pupil, a desire for self-instruction and self-improvement: and he best discharges a parent's duty, who earliest induces his child to govern and restrain himself.

THE TALISMAN.—The last number of the *Talisman*, a monthly magazine conducted in a highly creditable manner, by members of the Senior Class of Hamilton College, New York, is at hand. We have also received numbers of several other College periodicals; and intend, at a leisure moment, to speak more fully respecting them. The establishment of these publications by the students of our universities, is becoming a very general custom, and we think it a very good one. It offers them a stronger immediate inducement for labor in composition, than any which can be held forth by the ordinary routine of college exercises. It cannot, of course, be supposed that such productions will exhibit the maturity of thought and fulness of illustration, which are expected in the writings of old and finished scholars; but we have occasionally seen among them, articles in every respect worthy a place in any periodical. Although each of those magazines, as a whole, is deficient in many things which can only be attained by age and practice; still where more is done than could reasonably have been expected, it is but just, that we should withhold censure, while we yield the full measure of praise.

LECTURES ON EDUCATION.—A deposit has been made with the Life Insurance and Trust Company of the city of New-York, subject to the order of a committee, for procuring Lectures or Essays on subjects connected with scientific education, to be read in the common schools of the State. The committee consists of John C. Spencer, of Canandaigua, Benjamin F. Butler, of Albany, and Philo B. Fuller, of Genesee, New-York, who have solicited courses of Lectures on each of the following subjects:

1. On the application of science to the useful arts:—for the best course of lectures on which, a premium of two hundred dollars is offered.

2. On the principles of legislation:—a premium of one hundred dollars.

3. On the intellectual, moral or religious instruction of the youth of New-York, by means of common schools—the duty of affording such instruction—and the improvement of which the system may be susceptible:—a premium of two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Lectures are to be adapted to the capacities of children; and to be divided into sections, one of which can be conveniently read in half an hour. If parts of several lectures are selected, the premium is to be proportionably divided among their authors, each of whom, is requested to send his communication, with a sealed note containing his name and address, before the first day of January next. The lectures are to be printed and distributed to every common school in the State; but the authors to secure the copy-right of their productions, if they choose so to do.

The committee add, that lectures may be transmitted to either of them, at their charge; either in this country or from abroad; and give the following general directions:

"It is not expected that the essays will be entirely original either in matter or manner, but rather that the best authorities will be consulted; and even abstracts of the writings of approved authors will be received, if the original authority is designated. It is not desired that the lecturer should dwell on detail, except where it may be useful for the purpose of illustration; nor will the brevity which is essential to the plan, permit full elementary instruction on the course of essays. General principles and results, and those striking and plain illustrations which will excite attention and inquiry—which will be calculated to deposit in the youthful mind the seeds of knowledge and lead it to investigation and reflection, will best promote the object in view."

The object is one of great importance; and the interest which it may excite, ought by no means, to be confined to the State in which the design originated. If the lectures are properly written, their value will be of a general, and not of a local character; and they may be used with equal benefit in any other portion of the country. We sincerely hope that the enterprize may meet with the attention which it deserves, and that its success may equal the wishes of its patrons.

MR BROWN'S CUTTINGS.—We particularly invite the attention of the lovers of the arts, to the full length likenesses at the room of Mr Brown, at the corner of College and South Main-streets; and regret that the want of room will only allow us to say, that they are of the highest merit, and fully deserve all the commendations which they have received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We renew our acknowledgments to THETA. His poetry is poetry. He will notice the alteration of one word, which we think adds to the harmony, without affecting the sense.

ALPHA'S Fragment, in blank verse, has been received.—The thought is good, and well carried through: but he has fallen into an error in the composition. In several of the lines, there is one syllable too much; which by rendering the measure unequal, destroys the effect of the verse. Let him try again; for this is an error which he can easily rectify.

The description of a scene in the cell of a maniac, a poetical sketch under the signature of ELSIE, which was handed us, a few days since, by a friend of the fair author, certainly evinces the possession of unusual talent. Her perception of the subject is powerful and clear. It is not, however, clearly expressed throughout. But with the difficult theme which she has chosen, it is no wonder that she has not succeeded, where so many others have totally failed. The ravings of a disordered intellect are, in themselves, without method; but for that very reason, they must be the most exact method in a *description* of them. She has not been sufficiently careful to recollect, that although the maniac is supposed to tell the story to the writer, it is the *writer* who tells it to the reader. The whole narrative, in order to be characteristic, must indeed be given as an effusion of broken and disordered thought; but still, its description must be sufficiently distinct to be clearly and fully understood.

E. must allow us one further remark. She has formed her style too closely upon that of Miss Landon, (L. E. L.) whose rich, but still delicate imagery, and harmonious flow of versification, offer peculiar attractions to one of her own sex, possessed of strong and ardent imagination; but who, although a true poet, and a finished writer, is one of the last authors of the present day, who should be selected as a model. E. should rely upon her own resources, describe her own feelings, in her own language; and with the power which she so evidently possesses, she cannot fail to succeed. This sketch, which is a tale of betrayed and deserted affection, is, for the reason which has been given, not sufficiently connected, to be published in its present form. But it contains passages, which we are by no means willing to omit.

"Ha! Ye who seek the cell of Madness,
To see where shadowy spectres dwell:
Where every form but those of gladness
Springs up at memory's broken spell—
Who come, by turns, to smile and stare,
As haggard look speaks horrid thought;
As eye-balls that would shrink, must glare
At shapes by frenzied fancy wrought—
Who list, but not to soothe the moans,
Which rise where grief has laid men low—
Who shrink from, but not pity, groans
Which pierce this ear, though hardened now—"

"You look upon my eye, and weep—
It is not wild—it is not wild!
Yet, I have watched when sound asleep
The features of an infant child.
Go, go, and view the unguarded look,
The only face that wears a smile,
The pure, because unwritten book
Where sin and vice have traced no guile,
Where in its sleep, which cannot lie,
Is childhood's spotless purity."

Yes, I did watch the gleam of horrid joy,
Of the maniac mother bending o'er her boy.
Wildly, but still—she hung, with pallid form
All spent with woe, the wreck of many a storm,
Over the couch where infant loveliness
Slept with its smile of love and look of peace:
But oh, he brought no quiet whom she kissed—
A curse was in her love.—So demons watch the blest.

She looked upon her child when he was dead;
On what was left, when all but beauty fled:
And with mistaken tenderness, did strive
To raise him, as if he was yet alive:
For, still the smile was there."

Miscellaneous Selections.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—The following extract is from the first part of Schiller's Historical Drama, "the Death of Wallenstein," as translated by Coleridge. It is one of the finest passages of one of the finest works of the great German Poet; and is translated in a manner worthy the original. Although familiar to yourself, it may not be so to many of your readers.

The Emperor of Germany, having in a moment of imminent danger, committed unbounded power to Wallenstein, the heroic German General, for the safety of the empire; becomes jealous of his popularity, and desires to ruin him, after being delivered from the difficulty. The dialogue is carried on between Questenberg, the envoy of the Emperor—Octavio Piccolomini, who, rather distrustful of Wallenstein, inclines to the views of the Count—and Max. Piccolomini, his son, who is attached to Wallenstein's daughter, and romantically devoted to her father. If you see fit to insert it, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

A. I.—SEE ETC.
*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-House at Pilsen,
decorated with Colors, and other War Insignia.*

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him? That he alone determines for himself? What he himself alone doth understand; Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't. Heaven never meant him for that passive thing That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance To every tune of every minister: It goes against his nature—he can't do it. He is possess'd by a commanding spirit, And his too is the station of command. And well for us it is so! There exist Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use Their intellects intelligently.—Then, Well for the whole, if there be found a man Who makes himself what nature destined him, The pause, the central point to thousand thousands— Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column, Where all may press with joy and confidence. Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if Another better suits the court—no other But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG.)

Hush! Suppress it, friend! Unless some end were answer'd by the utterance— Of him there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (continuing.)

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes, Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him More than the ills for which they call'd him up. The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be Like things of every day.—But in the field, Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt. The personal must command, the actual eye Examine. If to be the chieftain asks All that is great in nature, let it be Likewise his privilege to move and act In all the correspondencies of greatness. The oracle within him, that which lives, He must invoke and question—not dead books, Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son! of those old narrow ordinances Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors. For always formidable was the league And partnership of free power with free will. The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds, Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid, Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches. My son! the road, the human being travels, That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow The river's course, the valley's playful windings, Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines, Honoring the holy bounds of property! And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth! hear him, Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! A war of fifteen years

Hath been thy education and thy school. Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists A higher than the warrior's excellence. In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose. The vast and sudden deeds of violence, Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment, These are not they, my son, that generate The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty! Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect! Builds his light town of canvass, and at once The whole scene moves and bustles momently, With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel. The motley market fills; the roads, the streams Are crowded with new freights, trade stirrings and hurries! But on some morrow morn, all suddenly, The tents drop down, the hordes renew their march. Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie, And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father! Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel For the first violet* of the leafless spring, Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it. From thence am I come hither: O! that sight, It glimmers still before me, like some landscape Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape! My road conducted me through countries where The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father— My venerable father, Life has charms Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been But voyaging along its barren coasts, Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates. That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship, House on the wild sea with wild usages, Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays Where safest they may venture thieves' landing. Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing. Do we behold of that in our rude voyage?

OCTAVIO (attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.) And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me, What is the meed and purpose of the toil, The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth, Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary, A spirit uninform'd, unornamented, For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum, The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet, The unvaried, still returning hour of duty, Word of command, and exercise of arms— There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart! Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not— This cannot be the sole felicity, These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely; when at length the soldier Returns home into life; when he becomes A fellow-man among his fellow-men. The colors are unfurl'd, the cavalcade Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark! Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home! The caps and helmets are all garlanded With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields. The city gates fly open of themselves, They need no longer the petard to tear them. The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women, With peaceful men and women, that send onwards Kisses and welcomes upon the air, Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures. From all the towers rings out the merry peal, The joyous vespers of a bloody day. O happy man, O fortunate! for whom The well-known door, the faithful arms are open, The faithful tender arms with mutual embracing.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Resembles life what once was held of light, Too ample in itself for human sight? An absolute self? an element ungrounded? All that we see, all colors of all shade By encroach of darkness made? Is very life by consciousness unbounded? And all the thoughts, pains, joys, of mortal breath, A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

*In the original,

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden
Furs erste Veilchen, das der Mierz uns bringt,
Das durftige Pfand der neuverjungten Erde.

DAVID HUME. This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow foot-path which formerly winded through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stick fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation; but she, casting one hurried glance at his abbreviated figure, passed on, without regarding his request. He then shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. "Are ye not Hume the Deist?" inquired she, in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance. "Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter; you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good, even to your enemies."—"Christian charity here, Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do nothing for ye till ye turn a Christian yourself: ye maun first repeat baith the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I faund ye." The skeptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she should give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

DR. WATTS was so eminent for his powers of verse, that when a child, it was so natural for him to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased, and threatened to whip him, if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threats in execution, the child fell a crying, and, on his knees, said,

"Pray, Father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make!"

THOUGHTS BY DEAN SWIFT.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiveness.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

An atheist is but a mad and ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion: he finds it easier to be on his knees than to do a good action.—Like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly with his creditor, without paying him what he owes.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the purposes of both parties, each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next corner, to do the same.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off tomorrow, and all the world talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here made about my head.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by mankind is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

PERSIAN APOLOGUE.—It is recorded that one of the pious and devout, in imitation of the Messiah, travelled the world around. He one day stumbled on a valley, and in it saw a sepulchre, at the head of which was a plate stone, with this inscription.

"We built a thousand cities; afterwards sought one measure of barley with a measure of pearls, but could not obtain it, and died of hunger."

Thy portion of the World, O Man, is a single one, therefore seek not for ten, or if thou dost, ask thyself, "will it be granted."

A minister was called to effect reconciliation between a fisherman, of a certain village, and his helmate. After using all the arguments in his power, to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly to chastise, manually, his beloved *cara sposa*, the minister concluded,—"David, you know that the wife is the *weaker vessel*, and ye should have pity on her." "Confound her," replied the morose fisherman, "if she's the weaker vessel, she should carry the *less soil*."

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

Is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square Providence, R. I. Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars, at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a seventh copy, gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid to J. KNOWLES AND CO. Publishers and Proprietors.